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THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

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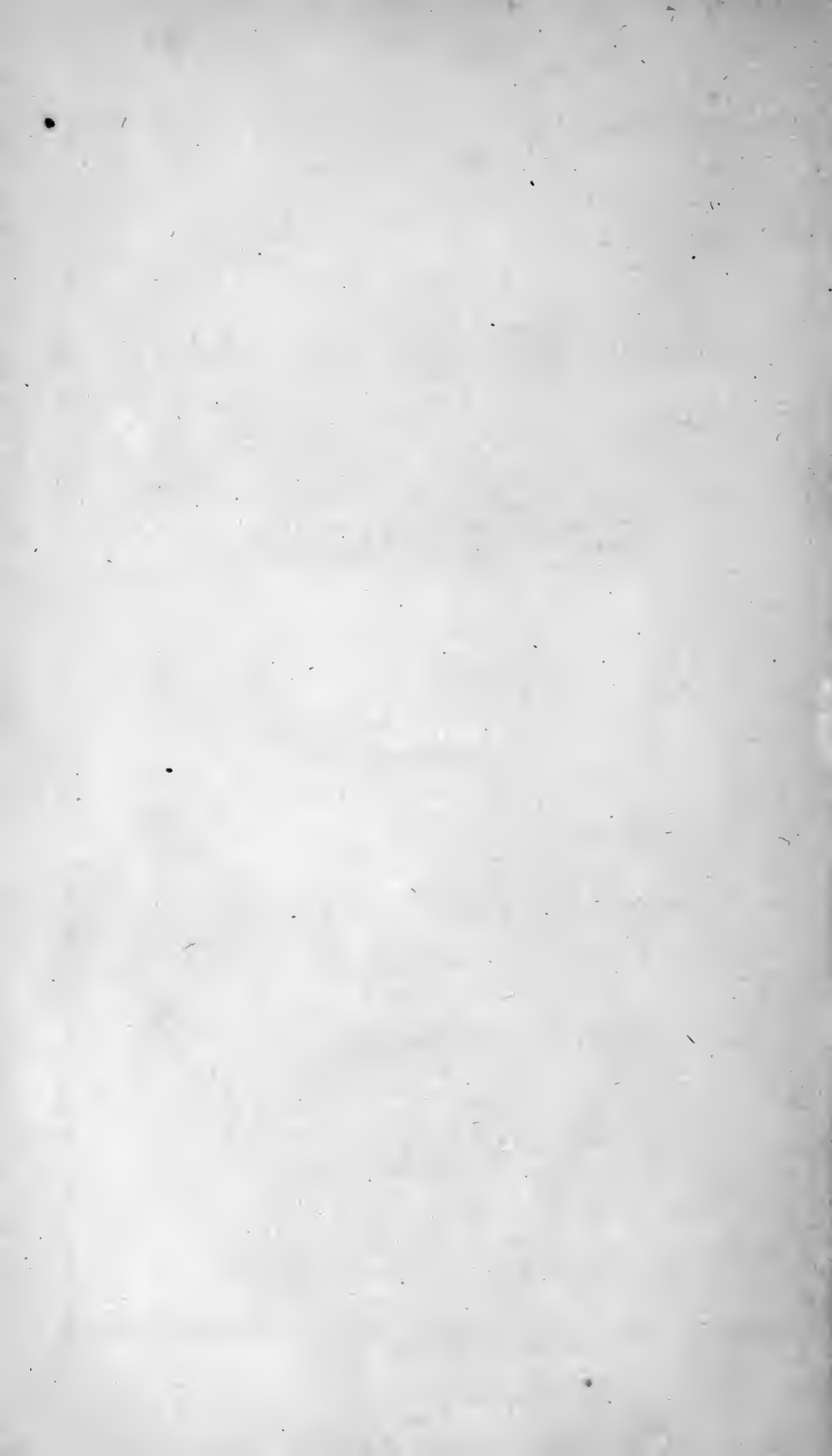
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# THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

BY

HARRIET MALLARD.

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*"In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.*

*"And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."*

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# THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

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## CHAPTER I.

### SCRIPTURAL TESTIMONY.

They asked us where was heaven—  
Where we had hoped ere long  
Our freedom would be given  
To join the blissful throng—  
Asked what and where was heaven,  
With its many mansions bright,  
Which we had trustful striven  
By faith to hold in sight?

They asked if e'er heaven's portals  
Had lent the faintest view,  
And when the gaze of mortals  
Had pierced the curtains through  
That hid and would forever  
That wondrous world so bland?  
And the skeptic told us never  
Should we behold that land.

Then we said to the graceless scoffer,  
Beware! no longer spurn  
Of life divine the offer.  
O turn (and thou may'st learn)  
To the word revealed, most holy—  
To that lamp of saving light!  
For all in heart that's lowly  
There's eye-salve for the sight.



The scales that long hath hidden  
Truth's melting rays from thee,  
By grace shall then be bidden  
To fall, and thou wilt see.  
Within thy heart—thy spirit—  
Heaven it will be revealed,  
And hope—blest hope—inherit  
What to thy soul is sealed.

Belief with rapture dwelleth  
On each illumined line  
Inspired—the way that telleth  
Where truthful search may find  
The Christ, the Lord's anointed ;  
Of Him they testify,  
The Lamb of God appointed,  
That brings salvation nigh.

Ask such of heaven who bendeth  
The cross to take—to bear—  
And ever upward sendeth  
With single heart the prayer—  
Ask such ; they will be telling,  
'Mid all this scene of strife,  
Within their breast there's welling  
A spring of heaven—of life.

Enough to know of heaven  
'Tis the high and holy place  
Where the Universal Architect  
He vaileth not his face—  
The Lord our God and Father,  
Whose name as *Love* is known—  
To know we're bidden welcome  
To see his mighty throne.

O mystery—deep, deep mystery—  
What destiny is thine!  
Poor weak, frail, fallen sinner  
(Alone by grace divine),  
If but to own the scepter  
Of Jesus thou hast kneeled,  
Thy passport to all blessedness  
By heaven's own hand is sealed.

All, all that through eternity's  
Uncomprehensive round  
The love of vast infinitude  
Shall give for to abound—  
God, heaven and saints and angels,  
Thy ministers to be—  
May faith, that gift of mercy,  
Be now vouchsafed to thee.

The Exile of Patmos,  
A stranger and lone,  
That hatred for Jesus  
Had banished—had driven—  
Had visions of God,  
Of his kingdom, his throne,  
And in spirit was called  
To the presence of heaven.

He heard the new song  
Of redemption there swelling,  
The glorified Saviour  
To praise and adore,  
By thousands of thousands  
Of voices loud telling  
That blessing and honor  
Are his evermore.

When Stephen, proto-martyr,  
He was about to die,  
Within the veil of heaven  
Was fixed his mortal eye;  
With more than earthly splendor  
His saintly face it shone,  
While he steadfast gazed on Jesus  
Exalted to the throne.

When the expiring criminal  
To be remembered cried,  
The Saviour all compassionate  
Most graciously replied :  
“To-day with me in heaven—  
Yes, verily, with me,  
Thou now repentant spirit  
In Paradise shall be.”

An exceeding weight of glory  
Awaiteth all the just,  
The humble, pure and penitent,  
Though weak in faith and trust ;  
The faintest prayer that struggles—  
That abba father cries—  
It findeth there acceptance  
Within the listening skies.

Where God—the great eternal—  
Hath set his name—his throne—  
Within the highest heaven,  
Such names are all unknown  
As sorrow, sin and evil,  
And death and grief and pain,  
For there a healthful river  
O'erflows entire the plain.

That river, crystal river,  
 Of life, of bliss, is known  
 For evermore proceeding  
 From the eternal throne ;  
 And they'll thirst not there forever,  
 For the fount shall never dry ;  
 And love divine permitteth  
 Not there one tearful eye.

There's rest there for the weary  
 And they hunger there no more ;  
 For a tree with fruits celestial  
 Grows on the blissful shore,  
 There by the living water  
 Of life's o'erflowing flood ;  
 And want and care and sorrow  
 Its banks have never trod.

The garments of salvation  
 Enrobe the ransomed throng,  
 While harps of gold, of triumph,  
 Thrill with unceasing song ;  
 They weary, no, not ever,  
 With heaven's ecstatic lays—  
 With evergrowing wonder  
 They sing the Saviour's praise.

In Heaven, a noble company  
Of Martyrs they adore  
The Lord, the great Redeemer,  
And cast their crowns before  
The throne ; while alleluiahs,  
In loud unwavering strains,  
Give honor, thanks and glory  
To him who lives and reigns.

Night cometh not to curtain  
The beatific place ;  
The light of life eternal  
Beams from the loving face  
Of Jesus, now the glorified,  
Once crucified and slain ;  
His smile illumeth heaven  
The vast unmeasured plain.

One joy was new in heaven,  
When sighs repentant first  
From wounded hearts and broken  
They humbly contrite burst ;  
Angels for higher rapture  
They tune anew their lyres  
If but one sorrowing sinner  
For the upward path inquires.

No storm-cloud ever gathers  
In these pellucid skies ;  
No mists or sickly vapors  
Are ever there to rise ;  
The denizens of heaven,  
They find its atmosphere,  
For the ransomed souls inhaling,  
Divinely pure and clear.

In heaven's most blessed bower  
Sweet Mercy had her birth  
When sin with deadly foot-steps  
Profaned this Eden Earth ;  
There Love, her smiling sister,  
She clasped her gentle hand,  
And saw her banner waving  
On this polluted strand.

They're garnered safe in heaven—  
The treasures which the saint,  
The poor way-faring pilgrim,  
The sad, the weak, the faint,  
Have there laid up in deference  
To the most holy word,—  
He hath them all in keeping—  
Their Father, King and Lord.

Angels they come to minister  
To every trustful heir  
Of faith and of salvation ;  
To guard with kindly care  
His walks, his homeward journey  
All through the thorny ground,  
Until the New Jerusalem  
Its golden gates are found.

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## CHAPTER II.

## OUR ADVOCATE WITH THE FATHER.

Our great High Priest and Advocate  
He entered heaven to plead,  
Present with God the Father  
He lives to intercede ;  
His heart of tend'rest sympathy  
Is touched for mortal grief,  
And his boundless store is open  
When faith she asks relief.

Here known a man of sorrow,  
The holy son of God  
The path of sore temptation  
His sacred feet they trod.  
Cold mountain damps at evening  
They witnessed to his prayer,  
And night her lengthy watches  
They found him kneeling there.



His eyes of loving-kindness  
In tend'rest pity wept,  
He soothed the stricken mourners  
Where a blighted brother slept.  
There are no tears in heaven  
Where now he reigns in power,  
But he sees and heeds the anguish  
Of our most darksome hour.

In heaven's melodious orchestra  
A song unique was given,  
In strains of love, of harmony,  
To greet the new arriven,  
When martyred righteous Abel,  
Victim of hate and strife,  
Through him he early typefied  
He entered into life.

The Lamb from the foundation  
For sin atonement slain,  
His sacrificial tokens  
Were never brought in vain;  
And when before the altar  
Where flowed the typic stream,  
The watchful, prayerful, faithful,  
Found saving light to beam;

Justice divine and mercy  
Beheld the sacred rock  
Where first the heaven attracted  
The firstling of his flock,  
Laid with the heart, the spirit—  
Most welcome to the sight  
Of Him whose fire descended  
The pile to claim—to light.

The righteous of all ages  
They congregate in heaven;  
Prophets and kings and captives,  
The poor, the anguish-riven,  
The honored and the lowly,  
The bondman and the free—  
They feast upon the fruitage  
Of life's immortal tree.

They'll go no more forever  
Out from the heavenly rest;  
With God's immortal fullness  
They're filled and saved and blest.  
From glory unto glory  
Is now their only change,  
And the blissful fields of paradise  
Eternally they'll range.

There, verily, mortality  
Is swallowed up of life;  
The soul, unclothed and stainless  
From garb of earthly strife,  
Puts on the saint's new costume—  
The righteous robe that's given  
Of Christ, and wrought completely  
To clothe his own for heaven.

Love hath prepared a banquet  
Where every welcomed guest  
In her heaven-chosen livery,  
They are adorned and dressed;  
He evermore presideth—  
Our Saviour, King and Lord—  
At the feast, the marriage supper,  
His own self-plenished board.

The new wine of the kingdom,  
From bowls of God's design,  
Filled unto overflowing  
From heaven's immortal vine,  
They drink—and drink unthirsting—  
And ask not for supplies;  
For the vintage faileth never  
Within those upper skies.

The palm-branch there of victory  
Triumphant—ever-green—  
That speaks of perfect conquest  
O'er sin and death, is seen  
Waving in confirmation  
From every victor's hand,  
And the olive withers never  
In heavenly Canaan's land.

The tempest-tossed sad mariner  
Of life's perturbed main,  
The night-watch cry of breakers  
Shall never hear again;  
No wave or angry billow  
His trembling bark assail,  
For he's moor'd—he's safely anchored—  
Where storms they ne'er prevail.

That safe—that blissful harbor—  
That calm untroubled sea—  
To every weary voyager  
Is free—divinely free;  
And from the sheltered haven  
The life-boat greets the view  
Of all that looketh God-ward  
When dark waters struggling through.

From every tribe and kingdom  
 These heavenly worthies came,  
 Led safely through the wilderness,  
 They conquered in the name  
 Of the Captain of salvation—  
 Great Prince of peace—and now  
 A never-fading diadem  
 Adorns each joyful brow.

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CHAPTER III.

THE SCRIPTURE WORTHIES.

The Apostolic company  
 In heaven their seats were shown  
 In beatific nearness  
 To the Eternal Throne.  
 The walls of New Jerusalem,  
 Where precious stones abound,  
 Within their twelve foundations  
 These chosen names are found :

There Matthew, James and Andrew,  
 Philip and John, beloved,  
 Thomas, and son of Alpheus,  
 These called and blest—approved ;  
 Saint Simon and Bartholomew,  
 And Peter, named a rock ;  
 There Thaddeus and Matthias,  
 Ordained to feed the flock ;

Moses and Job and Joshua,  
With the Hebrew children three,  
Who at a monarch's bidding  
Bowed not nor bent the knee;  
That Shadrach and Abednego  
And Meshech—they who trod  
The burning, fiery furnace,  
Led by the Son of God ;

Daniel—the much beloved—  
Whose heaven-directed prayer  
At eve, at morn, and mid-day,  
Through Chaldea's heathen air,  
As a cloud of holy incense  
To the mighty God arose,  
Fearless of death and danger,  
Menaced by envious foes ;

Samuel, Abraham, and Noah—  
Each a host of righteousness—  
Called of God, in service valiant,  
Heights in glory they possess ;  
Heaven—its word—was found efficient  
For their trust, their guide, their stay ;  
Faith—her lamp, her hand—was equal  
To begild and lead the way.

The princely Nehemiah,  
Whose pure and noble breast  
For desolated Zion  
Was deeply, sorely pressed ;  
Grieved for his kindred people,  
Afflicted, lowly bowed,  
While foes their exultations  
Were haughty bold and loud ;

The walls of Babylonia  
They witnessed to his tears ;  
From weary, watchful fasting,  
(While hope conflicts with fears)  
To the royal hand with trembling  
The kingly cup he gave,  
As he breathed his supplication  
To God the strong to save.

Speedily to his petition  
Heaven respondeth—and with care  
Babylon her king, his treasure  
Proffers to his servant there ;—  
Jerusalem, that sat lamenting,  
Tearful, low upon the ground,  
Riseth now from out her ruins,  
Prayer the timely hand hath found.

That man of faith, Elijah,  
He hath a mansion there;  
And the lone one of Zarephath,  
Who dressed with trust and care  
Once for the fainting stranger  
Her last remain of bread,  
When hope, and life, and joy,  
Had all but gone and fled;

Famine, with meagre visage,  
In her abode was seen—  
The fields, with smiling harvest,  
They are no longer sheen;  
The wells, alas! are failing,  
The fountain-springs are dry;  
Despairing for the morrow,  
She's at the point to die;

The Infinite Compassionate  
His word then magnified—  
With flowing cruse unfailing  
This hostess is supplied;—  
She finds her store replenished,  
Her daily board is spread,  
Shared with the aged seer—  
And want her door hath fled.



And there a goodly number  
By sovereign grace reserved,  
Whose knee bent not to Baal,  
The heathen god they served—  
They of the house of Israel,  
Lured by the snare, the guise,  
Of the sprite of dark idolatry—  
The prince of death, of lies.

Jacob, and Hezekiah,  
And Esther will be there,  
Who moved the arm Omnipotent  
By ardent, wrestling prayer;  
When hosts of death and danger  
They stood revealed to view,  
To the seat of sovereign mercy  
With trembling haste they flew.

Jacob, the care-worn Patriarch,  
By Heaven's supreme command,  
Is on his homeward journey  
To his loved, his Fatherland,  
When lo! with war-like bearing,  
A threat'ning band appears,  
Led by fraternal hatred,  
The garnered wrath of years.

Darkness, with sable curtain,  
Hath veiled the midnight sky—  
The earth, in silent apathy,  
Reveals no helper nigh;  
Left with his faith, his fears,  
And with his God alone,  
He tests, with ardent struggling,  
The promise of the Throne.

Truth, with her memorial tablet,  
Comes at morn's first breaking hour,  
Record makes for all the fearful  
Of the prevalence and power  
Of faith and prayer,  
When the suppliant soul on high,  
With the heart entire and spirit,  
Sends the eager, trustful cry.

Blessed of God—surnamed of Heaven  
Israel—he'll yield to fear  
Not if on the dreaded morrow  
Strife and war they venture near.  
Blessed of God! a brother's tears  
Mingled with the drops he shed;  
Tenderness and kind embraces  
Told that all but love had fled.

The haughty Syrian tyrant,  
Blasphemous, proud, and bold,  
That many lands and nations  
His sword had long controlled ;  
The Lord—Lord God omnipotent,  
Ruler of earth and skies,  
The God of Hezekiah—  
This idolator defies.

The impious aggressor  
His banner broad, profane,  
Waves at the very threshold ;  
To-morrow he may stain  
(Unbid of Heaven) the hearth-stone,  
The altar and the ground.  
Oh, the bitter cup of trembling !  
'Tis passing round and round.

Sad Judah ! now her nobles  
In sackcloth they appear ;  
Her king, her priests, and princes,  
Their robes have rent ; and Fear,  
Her chilly wand, ungracious,  
On every heart is laid ;  
And the daughters of Jerusalem  
Their seats in dust have made.

Heaven-serving Hezekiah  
To the holy Fane repairs ;  
Before the seat of Mercy  
He spreads the nation's cares.  
With prayer and supplication  
For help divine appeals ;  
And the Infinite—Eternal—  
A timely arm reveals.

'Tis night ; and the invader's  
Battalions are at rest—  
The strength of Great Jehovah  
They're marshalled for to test ;  
Heaven's angel of stern judgment  
The threatening camp swept o'er,  
And the legions of Sennacherib  
They live, they live no more !

Esther, her heavenward piety  
And truth, they shone more sheen  
Than that empyreal diadem  
That made her Persia's Queen ;  
As stars amid the darkness  
Of idolatry's thick night,  
They stood unawed, reflecting  
A lucid, saving light.

Daughter of captive Israel,  
She weeps her people's grief ;  
To the Lord—the Lord Jehovah—  
First looketh for relief ;  
Wrath, envy, and idolatry,  
A ruthless, fearful band,  
The life of her loved kindred  
Most madly they demand.

'Tis set, the kingly signet,  
The Mede and Persian seal,  
Unyielding as the adamant,  
Decreed the Hebrew's weal ;  
The land is filled with mourning,  
The loud, unceasing cry  
Of grief and lamentation,  
It reacheth to the sky.

Despair, her leaden mantle,  
She comes to fold, to spread  
Around the lonely sorrowing  
That peace and hope hath fled ;  
Decrees of Medo-Persians,  
By tyranny when given,  
By pity, bribe, or justice,  
Their clasp may not be riven.

Esther, as chose of mercy  
The oppressed now to lead,  
Children and heirs of Abraham  
She calls with her to plead ;  
With God the covenant keeping,  
Their Father, King, and Friend,  
Her faith took hold on Heaven—  
Heaven did deliverance send.

Enoch, Joseph, and Josiah,  
Spirits choice when known to earth,  
(Names to live in sacred story,  
Heaven alone may speak their worth) ;  
From these lower vales of evil,  
Death, and sin, and grief, and care,  
These, the Lord, when tried, accepted,  
Welcomed to his presence there.

Enoch, here of truth begirded,  
Walked with God in holy fear,  
Grace divine forbade the tyrant,  
Death, his form to venture near ;  
Yesterday—to-day—forever,  
The Almighty One the same,  
Looking on his self-found ransom,  
Took him, for his sake, his name.

Joseph, who the bitterest hatred  
Recompensed with love so pure,  
Met with chaste, unbending virtue,  
Guilty passion's deadly lure ;  
Who, in Egypt's perjured prison,  
Bore the fetters' stern control,  
Till the crude, the barbed iron,  
Wounded deep his truthful soul.

Zealous king, the young Josiah,  
Prince of Judah's royal line,  
Deferent to the spirit-teaching  
Of *The Book*—the law divine—  
Summoned people, priests, and prophets,  
New to covenant with the Lord,  
And to scribe his name to honor,  
Pledge to his commands his word.

Judgment's righteous sword and scepter,  
When they filled his useful hand,  
Dark idolatry her altars  
Place had not in Judea's land ;  
Institutes, divine and ancient,  
Reassume their justful place ;  
God accepts the free oblations,  
On the nation showers his grace.

Enos there with his compeers,  
First assemblage, as we read,  
That upon the Name Eternal  
Called—His grace, His care to plead ;  
These by spirit breath illumined,  
Built bowers for prayer and praise,  
Now where faith is lost in vision,  
Life and love inspire their lays.

Saint Paul, the great Apostle,  
His crown is there put on,  
The coronal of victory  
Which valiantly he won ;  
In hope of life eternal  
He watched, and fought, and died,  
With faith's efficient armor  
Girt by his war-worn side.

And when the mighty champion  
Of the gospel, of the cross,  
Who earth her riches, honors,  
Counted as dust, as dross,  
His mission-course had finished  
(He knew to die were gain),  
Then he joined the martyr army  
On Heaven's triumphant plain.



There David, the sweet Psalmist,  
Whose harp of thrilling lays,  
It wearied here not ever  
In God's most worthy praise,  
Has joined the raptured choir,  
And there no plaintive line  
Discords the glorious melody,  
Supernal song divine.

Elizabeth and Hannah,  
And Phœbe will be found  
There with the shining company,  
Where joys supreme abound ;  
Hannah that brought her Samuel,  
Thank-offering lovely, fair,  
And with God the Giver left him,  
To remain forever there.

Elizabeth, the righteous,  
Whose walk, secure from blame,  
A long enduring halo  
Hath cast around her name ;  
The pen of inspiration,  
On its most holy page,  
Records her high ensample  
For each ensuing age.

And the venerated Lois,  
Whose faith and love, unfeigned,  
With Eunice and with Timothy,  
Her children, early gained  
Such honourous memorial,  
As pupils who acquired  
The saving scripture knowledge,  
Of the Book of Books inspired.

With that ancient, honored handmaid  
Of God, that led with song  
The daughters glad of Israel—  
Triumphant, joyful throng!—  
The long-remembered Miriam,  
The prophetess whose feet  
The banks of Heaven's deliverance  
Were favored first to greet.

With consecrated timbrels  
Heaven's wonders they rehearse,  
Speak forth the glorious praises  
In most exalted verse  
Of the Lord their strength, Redeemer,  
Whose arm was bared to save;  
That o'er the foes of freedom  
Thus timely sent the wave.

And that queen of song,  
That mother in Israel that rose,  
That Deborah immortal  
Who the defiant foes  
Of her nation, long despondent,  
Led with the trusty sword  
Of the Lord, the great Deliverer—  
His never-failing word.

Phebe, who the Church Cenchrean  
Served with such untiring care,  
And her board in loving-kindness  
Spread for fainting ones to share ;  
Who with hands of timely succor  
Ready stood to cheer, and blessed  
Such as want or persecution,  
Grief or sorrow, there oppressed.

And the Thyatirian Lydia,  
That by Macedonia's wave  
Met the messengers of Jesus,  
Found the word to heal, to save.  
Strong in faith, her pious spirit  
Dedicates her all to Heaven ;  
And to house the wrongful prisoned  
Her protecting roof was given.

The well of life immortal,  
They shall unceasing share,  
With every child of Mercy  
That gave with Christian care,  
In name, for sake of Jesus,  
The needful alms—the draught—  
If but one cup of water  
That thirsty lips may have quaffed.

With the Marys who the Crucified  
Sought at the early tomb,  
And would with costly spicery  
The sepulchre perfume;  
Who by the cross of Calvary,  
Deep sorrowing, lingered last,  
In soul-dissolving tenderness,  
Till his agony was past.

And with Mary, too, of Bethany,  
That chose the better part,  
The knowledge of Christ—of his love—  
And sat at his feet in fullness of heart;  
That hung on his lips  
Till his life-giving word  
Her spirit entranced  
Till her soul to its center was stirred.

Mary the "highly favored,"  
Whose purely virgin breast  
The holy infant Jesus  
With love and wonder pressed ;  
Mother of the humanity  
Of Christ the Lord, who came,  
Sent of the Eternal Father  
Salvation to proclaim.

To heal the broken-hearted,  
The prisoner to release,  
To preach the gracious gospel  
To the poor, this Prince of Peace  
(Of the Everlasting Father),  
God's co-eternal Son,  
Of man the form and fashion  
He meekly here put on.

That heart of hearts maternal,  
That soul received the sword,  
The spear, the ruthless weapon  
That pierced her son—our Lord—  
When earth its rocks were rended,  
And darkness veiled the skies ;  
When he atonement finished  
By vicarious sacrifice.

Daughter of God, blest Mary,  
By grief unique here pressed,  
In heaven, the highest heaven,  
Her sorrows are redressed ;  
Of its store of boundless joy  
She'll forever there partake,  
With all that watched, and labored,  
And wept, for Jesus' sake.

Naomi, Ruth, and Huldah,  
And Anna there appear,  
Attired in kindred costume,  
Though once of varied sphere.  
Ages remote their stories  
Of earth and time divide,  
Now hand in hand they're ranging  
The fields of bliss heaven wide.

That stricken one, Naomi,  
And the Moabitess Ruth,  
Her tender widowed daughter,  
Whose filial love and truth  
Her heathen gods and people  
In cheerful hope resigned,  
To trust the God of Israel,  
A home and heaven to find.

The noble, queen-like Huldah,  
That medium of the word  
Of truth divine—of judgment—  
Of God—that deeply stirred  
That long revolted nation  
To penitence and prayer—  
A once heaven-fearing people,  
The Lord's peculiar care.

Anna, daughter of Phanuel,  
Blest of God and sanctified,  
One who long her home, her dwelling,  
Made his altar mere—beside  
Tarrying hopeful, watchful, waiting  
Till the promised Shiloh came ;  
Favored first to see redemption,  
First the Saviour to proclaim.

Dorcas, and every sister  
Of sweet charity, that blessed,  
In earth's lone vales of sorrow,  
The aggrieved, the sick, the oppressed ;  
The bread that on the waters  
They cast with tender care,  
In heaven they find it garnered,  
For each a worthy share.

The Baptist, honored messenger,  
The Mighty to proclaim,  
Ordained to preach repentance  
With mention of his name.  
The nations who will sprinkle  
Not from the typic flood,  
But with spirit-drops of mercy—  
Price of his precious blood.

Here Prophecy, no greater  
Of names adorns her page  
All through the ancient era  
Of seers and of sage;  
High and more high beatitude  
Will fill his spacious soul,  
While the cycles of eternity  
They onward, onward roll.

Devout and ancient Simeon,  
Whose long-expectant sight  
Beheld the Lord's salvation,  
The Christ, the risen light,  
When the infant Mediator  
His eager arms had pressed,  
He craved a speedy passport  
To heaven—to life—to rest.



## CHAPTER IV.

## THE TRANSFIGURATION.

Jesus to favored Tabor  
A chosen few he led,  
For high commune with heaven  
He prays—its light is shed ;  
A flood of immortality  
Adorns his form—his face ;  
A cloud—Divine Shekinah—  
It sanctifies the place.

While Moses and Elias  
In glory they appear,  
The habitants of heaven  
In secret counsel here  
With the Son, the well-beloved,  
Of God, the only wise ;  
E'en here the earth and earthly  
Are blending with the skies.

Moses, the given minister  
Of the Law so perfect, pure,  
Strict, holy and unyielding,  
A tablet to endure ;  
Word of the Lord Almighty  
That may not pass away,  
Though earth, all things created,  
They perish and decay.

Elias, representative  
Of prophecy, whose word  
Pillars of death and darkness  
Long mightily hath stirred ;  
Whose voice of heavenly numbers  
Hath pierced so oft the gloom  
That would the soul have curtained  
As by the hopeless tomb.

An apostolic triad  
In waiting for the hour  
When from the cross—the sepulchre—  
In resurrection power—  
The Christ, Jesus the Saviour,  
Shall their commission seal,  
The knowledge of redemption,  
To bear—to preach—reveal.

Justice divine and mercy,  
Their envoys there appear,  
The o'ershadowing cloud of glory  
Its brightness thrills with fear  
The faithful, loved disciples,  
Though fain they'd tarry there,  
And for each a tabernacle  
Would hasten to prepare.

Lo ! I am with you alway,  
Thus saith the sinner's friend,  
Lo ! I am with you alway,  
E'en until time shall end ;  
Go, break the bread of heaven,  
My flock to bless, to feed—  
Go, sow beside all waters  
Of truth the holy seed.

Go with the gospel proffer  
Of grace, of life, of heaven,  
Proclaim my free salvation,  
They shall be saved, be shriven ;  
All, every true believer,  
Baptized in spirit here,  
In resurrection beauty,  
In glory shall appear.

For my beloved a mansion  
In heaven I will prepare,  
And I'll come and will receive you  
To dwell forever there ;—  
I will not leave you comfortless,  
To you I soon will send  
The Holy Ghost, the Comforter,  
A long abiding friend.

The leaves, they never wither  
On heaven's life-giving tree,  
For healing of the nations  
They're sovereign and they're free ;  
Love's aroma exhaling  
To meet the soul's desire,  
The air, the breath of paradise,  
They permeate entire.

Eternity! Eternity  
Is equal but to prove  
The length, the breadth, the fullness  
Of God's inherent love!  
Himself the spring, the fountain,  
Its hight and depth is known  
But unto him that shareth  
The Father's heavenly throne.

For that vast, that swelling ocean,  
No measurement is found  
To tell of its expansion—  
It hath not shore or bound.  
Oh! love divine, the portion,  
And of ransomed ones the song,  
Thou hast the harps of heaven  
Strung for the blood-bought throng.

In heaven our dear departed  
They watch and wait to greet  
From earth the new-fledged spirits  
That raptured fly to meet  
The welcome soul inspiring,  
Where union's lasting ties,  
The hand so dread and weighty  
Of death shall not surprise.

Oh no! they are not severed  
The cords so closely wound,  
The heart of pure affection  
In sacred bands around.  
The plants of heavenly german,  
They were not set to pine,  
But in new soil transplanted  
To flourish, grow and shine.

The flowers of passing beauty  
That love parental gave,  
All faded, crushed and blighted  
To cold, untimely grave,  
There by the living water  
Again they sweetly bloom,  
Oh in heaven! we learn in heaven  
There's known no fearful tomb!

## CHAPTER V.

## CHRISTIAN'S HERITAGE.

A home, "sweet home," is heaven,  
And from its lasting store  
Now copious showers of manna  
Fall by the pilgrim's door ;  
Ready prepared of mercy,  
A daily rich supply  
That hungry gath'ring spirits  
May find a portion nigh.

Heaven is revealed a heritage,  
'Tis Christian's by bequest,  
He'll meet not there one claimant  
His title to protest ;  
'Tis fadeless, incorruptible,  
Of God had in reserve  
For all the washed, the sanctified,  
Who Christ accept and serve.

The heavenward, home-bound traveler  
Scarce heeds the stony way—  
'Tis here and there a way-mark  
Forbids his steps to stray.  
While pressing onward, upward,  
He hath by faith a share  
Of that bread of life unfailing,  
Free and abundant there.

And when his adversary  
 His path would fain obscure,  
 On wings of heavenly kindness  
 To lead, to guide, to assure,  
 Some angel-minist'ring spirit  
 With speed of thought then flies  
 And stays the faint and trembling  
 To struggle for the prize.

He shall not walk in darkness,  
 Though sin and foes malign,  
 His march for to bewilder  
 Their forces all combine.  
 His face is set for Zion,  
 And from that heavenly hill  
 The rays are all-sufficient  
 The King's highway to fill.

He hath for shield and buckler  
 A way what shall not pass;  
 'T will ward the pointed arrows,  
 Yield not with steel or brass—  
 'Tis Truth, the truth of heaven,  
 It will his trust abide  
 Until his last stern conflict  
 By Jordan's swelling tide.

And should that fearful river  
Appal his heart, his sight,  
Athwart the nearing billows  
Beams forth most cheering light  
From the shining coast of Canaan,  
That land of heavenly rest,  
While he finds his dying pillow  
His loving Saviour's breast.

'Tis going fast, receding,  
Earth's unpropitious shore,  
Its griefs, its frowns, its snares,  
Are Christian's now no more.  
Hark ! hark ! a gentle whisper  
By that low, passing breath :  
"I hear the harps of Heaven ;  
Can this, can this be death !"

Joy ! joy ! to be delivered  
From earth, from throbbing clay ;  
Angels their waiting pinions  
Have spread, have borne away  
The soul, free and triumphant,  
Where no dark surge may come,  
Safe to the bower eternal—  
To God, to heaven, his home.



A more than mortal presence  
There rests amid the gloom  
Of death's cold, darkened chamber,  
The hushed, the silent room  
Where rests our dear lamented ;  
We weep, then smile to trace  
An impress set of heaven  
On the beloved face.

There comes sweet, sacred memories  
Of Christ, the words he spoke  
Of his most precious promises  
Which never may be broke :  
"I am the resurrection  
And life ; I'll come again—  
Will to myself receive you  
With me in heaven to reign."

That envoy sent of mercy,  
The messenger that came,  
The saint's discharge from bondage  
To witness, to proclaim—  
The watchful, waiting prisoner,  
Of hope for to release—  
Through the abode of mourning,  
Breathed balm of heavenly peace.

Faith, her ears attuned of heaven,  
Catch the welcome notes sublime :  
Welcome home ! welcome, thrice welcome !  
Echoed round the blissful clime ;  
Words of love, of rapturous greeting,  
Language of that kingdom bright,—  
All but sees with sense of vision  
The departed's robe of white.

Mantled, all bedecked, attired  
In that righteousness complete,  
Wrought of Christ, he finds it ready  
For eternal rest his seat.  
There no voice, no hand invasive,  
Shall disturb his gladsome place ;  
Not one cloud shall pass between him  
And his dear Redeemer's face.

There forever and forever  
May he unforbidden gaze ;  
There employ his harp all golden  
To repeat the Saviour's praise.  
Listening, learning, loving, feasting,  
At the banquet drinking free,  
Where there's room and cups o'erflowing,  
Unbeliever, waiting thee.

Yes, for all the lost, the fallen,  
Each and every child of sin,  
There's a kingdom, crown and heaven  
For the willing soul to win.  
Armor, all-efficient weapons,  
Tempered equal for the field,  
And the Son of God, the leader,  
His own hand thy head shall shield.

Tarry not, fly ! seek the covert  
Of that Rock that will not fail ;  
Speed thee on, on to the mountain !  
Dangers thick beset the vale.  
Hope, and life, and peace, and heaven,  
Every traveler hath found,  
Who, to seek the better country,  
Left the world's enchanted ground.

Joy is there enhanced in heaven,  
When with undivided heart,  
Won by Holy Spirit whispers,  
Sinners penitent they part.  
Glad from every faithless refuge,  
Bringing cares and doubts and fear,  
And the seat of sovereign mercy  
With their burthens venture near.

## THE EVERLASTING GOD.

*“Even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God.”*

Earth, with all she now may boast,  
Honor, beauty, gold, or name;  
Though her scenes are flat’ring, gay,  
Soon must perish, pass away.

Mammon with his gorgeous towers,  
Nations with their pride and powers,  
They must know how time can bring  
Consternation on his wing.

Music with its wondrous charms,  
Pleasure with bewildering arms,  
Every plant and tree and flower  
Fades in her low, transient bower.

Desolation soon shall smile  
On the ruin, funereal pile,  
Tomb of this terrestrial ball,  
Wrap’d in dark oblivion’s pall.

But forever, evermore,  
Christ, the Life, the Way, the Door,  
Lives, the God of truth and grace,  
In the Holy, Holy Place.

Where he entered with his blood,  
Covenanted with our God,  
Once for sin atonement given—  
Off'ring for our peace, and heavēn.

Lamb of God, He that was slain  
E'er foundation yet was lain  
Base for this the world so wide,  
He the fount of life supplied.

Then the counsel of the skies  
Heavenly wisdom did devise  
For yet uncreated man,  
Love's most holy, glorious plan.

To redeem and save with care  
Him who should the livery wear  
Of the high immortal coast  
When by Satan led and lost.

God, before whose eye and throne  
Time no measurement hath shown,  
He with one unbounded view  
Looks Eternal Ages through.

And in his omniscient sight  
Countless years are as the flight  
Of the fleeting hour, the day,  
Minute sands that will not stay.

Everlasting as that throne  
His salvation shall be known ;  
Earth and heavens may pass away,  
But his word it never may.

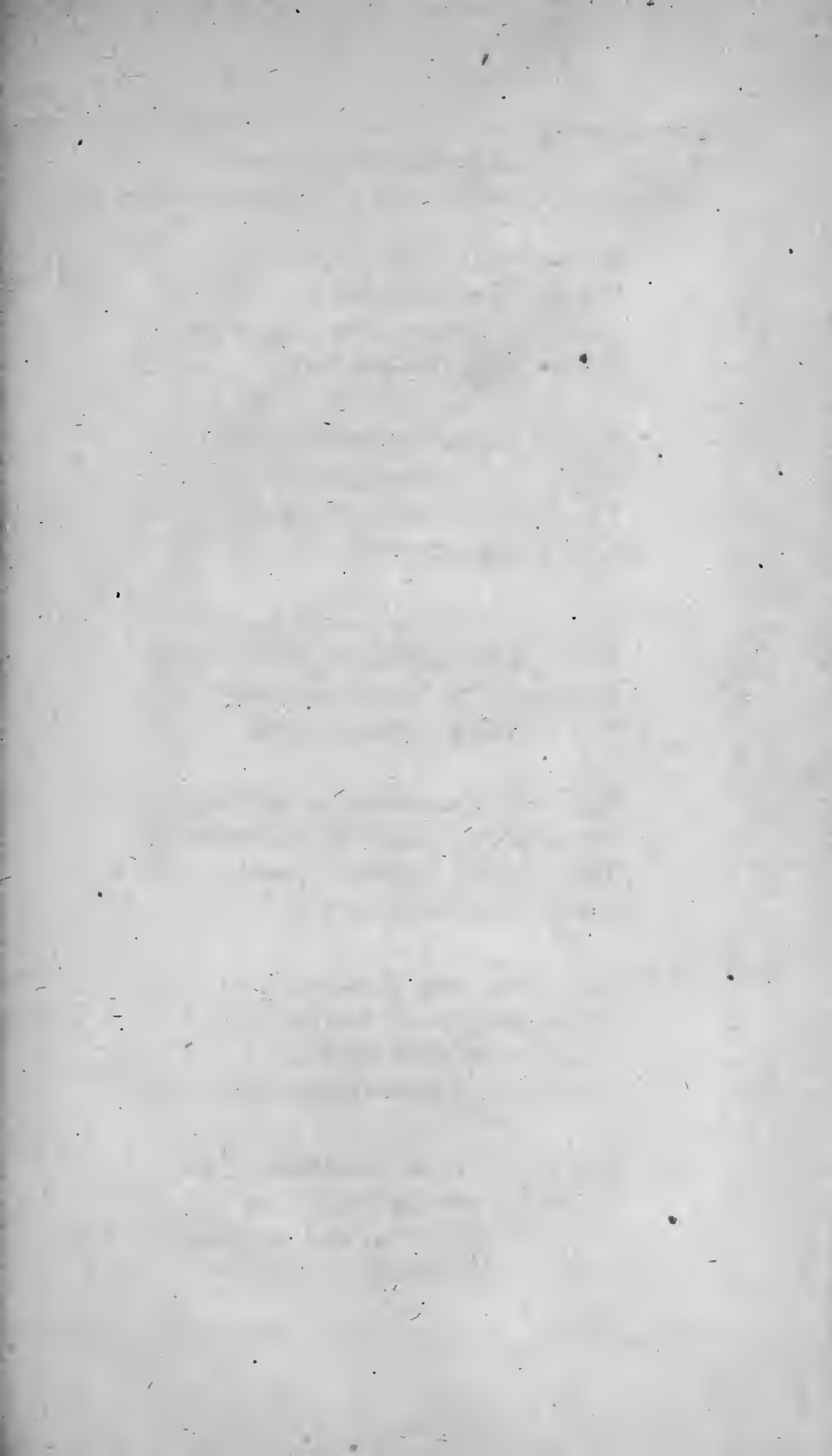
Blessed words of truth he spake  
For his own beloved's sake :  
You a home, a mansion there,  
I am going to prepare.

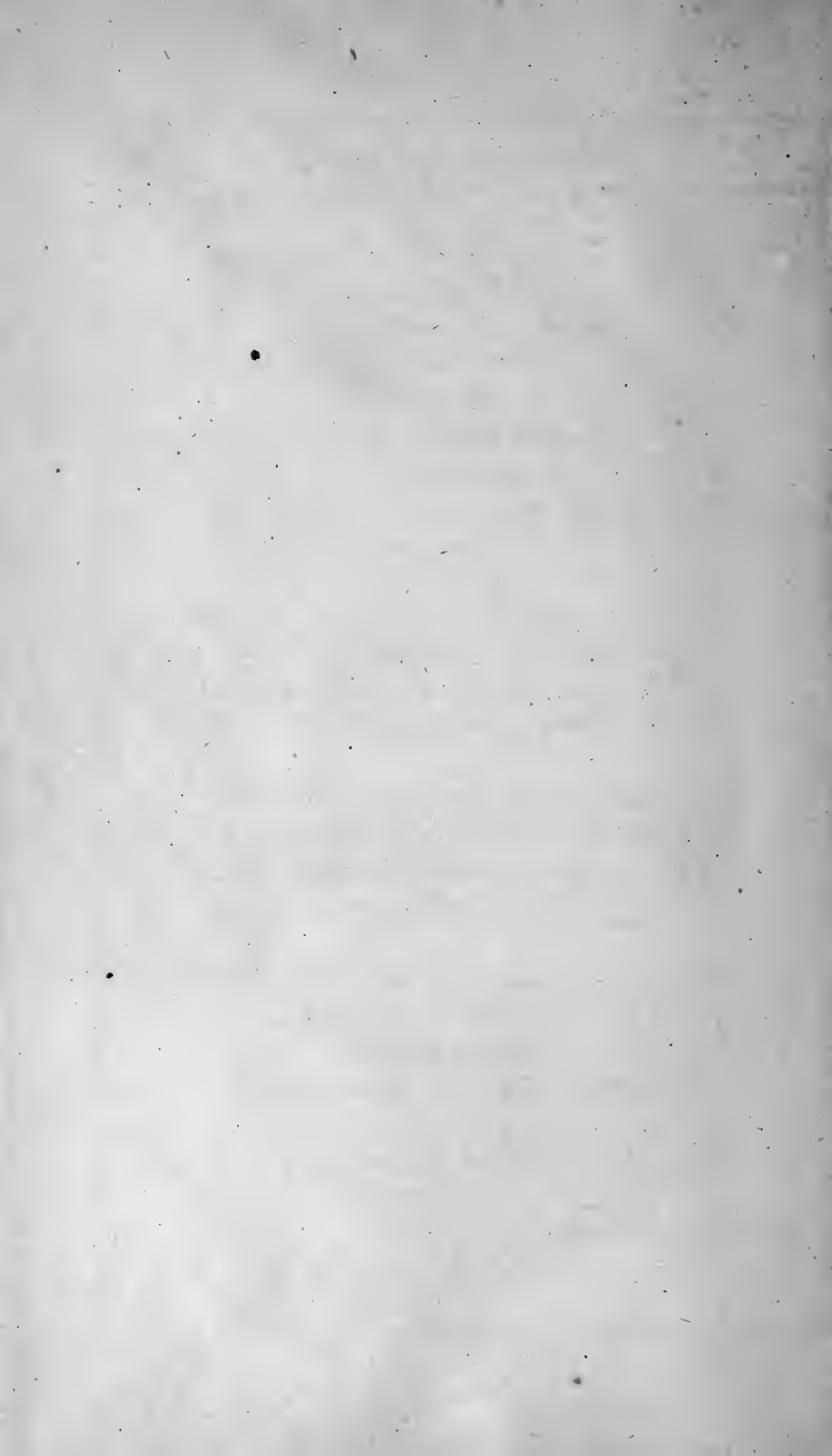
There on heaven's eternal ground,  
Where no withering blight is found,  
Death and sin have never seen  
The unfading pastures green.

Where your shepherd he will keep,  
Lead his flock, his church, his sheep ;  
There beside the waters pure  
As the fount itself secure.

Saved, and sanctified, and blest,  
Made partakers of that rest  
That forever shall remain  
Long as God himself shall reign.

He who gives us this abode  
Is the Everlasting God ;  
" Christian's " hope, and strength, and boast,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.









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